

Slaughter, F.O.D.

Deep in the coffin, death prevails
slowly awaiting rotting entrails
naked cadaver, ready to mount
open the mouth, go down for the count
White and clammy, cold as ice
f*** of death, will suffice
bury my face in her stench of death
kissing those lips without any breath
Drain the blood from the neck
into the macabre, nightly trek
howl of the witch, flight of the bat
screaming from hell like a siamese cat